

EPIGRAMS

OF

That most wittie and worthie

Epigrammatist Mr. IOHN

OWEN, Gentleman.

Translated by IOHN VICARS.

Epig. 233. Lib. Singu.

*Authors haue Authors of Good-Name or Shame,
As Readers Lookes to Writers Bookes doe frame.*



6

LONDON,

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EPICURÆ

OF

That most virtuous and worthy

Epistemonius M. I. O. H.

Owen, Gentleman.

Translated by John V. I. O. H.

London, Printed by J. I. O. H.

in the Year 1666.

Price 1s.



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TO THE MOST
HIGH, HOPEFULL
and *Happy* CHARLES,
Prince of Wales.

Epig. 7. Lib. Ter. Priorum Sex.

(Win

Great Britaines great Hope, Parents sprouting
Fathers and Mothers Halfe, by Princely Line,
Wel-nigh vn-pattern'd Patterne of rare Parts,
Whō, though Few equall, All Loue in their harts:
These Princely Parts, whence had they this great growth
From Fathers Loines or Mothers Paps? From Both.
Be still, (as th' art) Parents Idea right;
Let none thee equall in such Princely Light:
That being Vertues Prince and Principall,
Heauen may Thee Blesse with Blisse Angelicall,

Most heartily desireth

your Graces

most humbly Devoted,

JOHN VICARS.

THE TRANSLATOR

to the most Worthy and well-
deserving *Author*.

TRue Imitation of mens worthy Deedes
From Loue of them (as I suppose) proceedes:
Yet many-times Ambitious Emulation
May in such Actions staine True Imitation.
But unto me, Loue was the Golden-Spurre,
If otherwise, I might iust shame incurre:
For what I should I could not; what I could
I heere haue done, though farre from what I would.
Tby wit therefore braue Epigramatist,
To prayse condignely, in me can't consist.
Yet that I * may not Ennious bee deem'd,
Not caring though I be a Foole esteem'd.
Some thus I Prayse, and thus their praise doe write,
I'le none Disprayse, most undone passe my might.
Excuse heerein (kind Sir) what's Mis-committed,
And pardon mee, if ought be Ill-omitted.

* Epig. 2. Lib. Pri.

Thine in the vnlimi-
ted limits of Loue,

Io. VICARS.

To the *Courteous Readers.*

A *Ntèus-like* I long haue fought a fight:
But, find in conflict a Superiour might.
Oft haue I wrestled, but still foild and fell'd
By. my *Competitor* am farre excell'd.
Witnesse my weaknesse in this last assault,
Forc'd heere and there to tyre, retyre and hault.
And marueile not, (kind *Readers*) though I sweat,
Hauing to doe with this *Alcides* great.
Whose *Policie* and *Power* I haue found such,
As ere to equallize is too-too-much: (fought
But heer's my comfort, though those *Champions*
With Ire most dire to th'Death to fight it out,
Yet our *Contention* is with sweet desire,
My *Authors Loue* and *Tbine* how to acquire:
Which if I gaine, as tis my Hope I shall,
I'le not thus flie, but trie another fall.

Thine I. V.

To the Curious Reader

A view of the last night's sleep
But, find in comfort a superior night
Of peace, I was able, but still cold and fell
In my case, and am sure excell'd
Wherein my weakness in the last night
I could hear and there I was, very and last
And in the night, I was, though I was
Hanging so long with this great
Whole body and power, I have found such
As to be a little is too much: I could
Forbear, my comfort, though I have
With the most and I do not believe
Yet our condition is with wear and
My wife and I, and how to recover
Which I gain, as in my hope I shall
I have been, but in a better fall

Thine I. V.

A. J. E. v. l.



EPIGRAMS.

To the Prince.

I, Not for Fashion, but for Favours sake,
From Thee Prime Prince my Proeme here do take.

Out of the first Booke.

Epig. 1. Lib. 1. Sex Librorum.

EPIG. 1.

To the Lady NEVIL.

THat this my Book, where't comes, may Patrons
To th' Readers It, *(find;* My-selfe to Thee's assign'd.

EPIG. 2.

To the Reader.

Reader, don't Prayse, nor dispraysc All I write;
Lest so I blaze thy Want of Wit, or Spight.

EPIG. 3.

*To IOHN HOSKINS, I. C. of
his Booke.*

MY Booke 's the World, my Verses People bee;
There 's few Good-men, Heere, few Good straines
(you'll see.

Epigrams.

EPIG. 4.

To the Lady MARY NEVEL.

IF that opinion of Pythagoras
Be true, that Spirits one r another passe;
Then, *Venus*, *Iuno's*, *Pallas*, Soules most rare,
By Beauty, State and Learning, in Thee are:
Such Three in One are seldome scene or found,
Many are rare for One; Three haue Thee crown'd.

EPIG. 5.

To the same Lady.

AS Phæbus faire, shewes, shines ith' Ayre;
as Light ith' Sunne most bright:
So in thy face, with Princely Grace,
Dwels Vertue with Delight.
For, whosoere but comes Thee neere,
To Looke on Thee, Thee Loues;
Thy Beauty, Bounty, wond'ring at,
So precious hee approues.

EPIG. 13.

Loue.

LOues first approach, Delights sweet Sog doth sing;
But in departure Shee Woes sing doth bring:
So, the sweet streames of Springs to Sea which hie,
Mixt with Salt-waters, taste vnsauerily.

EPIG.

Epigrams.

EPIG. 6.

To Master THOMAS NEVEL, Sonne
to the foresaid Lady.

IN thee, doe shine such Gifts worth admiration;
That, thogh *All-True*, they passe al true relatiō.
Who *Childrē* praise, their *Hopes* not *Hap* do praise,
Thy *Hap*, not *Hopes*, thy *wit*, thy *worth* doth blaze.

EPIG. 9.

To the Lawyer.

IF He be Blest, that Knowes of things the Cause;
O What is He that Pleades a Cause by Lawes.

EPIG. 11.

To Degenerous, Generous
AVLVs.

IGNoble, Noble, *Aulus*, owes
All, to's Progenitours;
And his Successours, sure, I thinke,
Will neuer bee his Debtours.

EPIG. 12.

Against Hernick.

HERnick, thou Boughtst a Foole for 20. pound:
To Buy Thee at that rate, I'de not be bound.

EPIG.

Epigrams.

EPIG. 14.

To D. GILBERT.

Dost say, the *Earth stands* Not? that's admirable;
Thou wast at *Sea*, sure, when thou writ'st this
(Fable.

EPIG. 15.

To Physicians and Lawyers.

O *Vr Sores and Sicknesse*, Galen made thee wise,
And thee *Iustinian*, our great *Fooleries*.

EPIG. 19.

To LINVS.

(Learn'd I'de-hold,

Th'ast *Bookes* good store, but thee more
If th'adst such store of *Bags* full cram'd with
(Gold.

EPIG. 20.

To a Noble young Gent.

F^Rriends with their *Friends* long *Liues* to *Liue*,
But, *None* their *Death* desire;
As one should wish a sore *Dis-ease*,
But *Ne're* would *Cure* requir.

EPIG. 23.

Against MARCVS.

W^Hat meant'st thou *Marcus*, stilly to maintain,
That *Nought* in *Nature* *Empty* doth remaine?
Since

Epigrams.

Since thou thy selfe hast such a huge great Head,
Of wit most voyd and wholly Emptied.

EPIG. 26.

To PHYLLIS.

IF Love be Fire (as Lovers say and hold)
Thy fiery Love is then (alas) most cold.

EPIG. 31.

Prophets, Poets.

PROphets, doe truly things to come fore-know;
Poets, things past in Fictions false doe show.

EPIG. 32.

Of Life and Death.

AS Rivers pleasant Source to th' Salt-Sea hastes;
So, day by day Life vnto Death still wastes.
Tis sweet to Live, but (oh) tis dire to dye,
Thus sweet with bitter ends Mortalitie.

EPIG. 36.

Of Life and Love.

THOUGH euery Action to an End doth bend;
Yet Life and Love doe hate their proper End.

EPIG.

Epigrams.

EPIG. 38.

The Housband, and the Cuck-old-Maker.

Housband.

FYE on this *Life*, I tooke a *Wife*,
Her *Loue* Another got;
So, you poore *Bees* with *Hony-knees*,
Your *paines* are others *Lot*.

Cuck-old-Maker.

O, This is *brave*, I *Sonnes* should *bave*;
Yet Others take my * *Due*;
So, you poore *Birds* doe hatch yong *Broods*,
For others, not for you.

* *Be their fathers.*

EPIG. 39.

New Rhetorike.

WHoso wants *Gold*, in vaine doth hold
An *Argument* with any;
He's best *Linguist*, that hath his *fist*
Well fill'd with *Make-way Mony* :
Not *Sillab'ls*, but *Siluer-bells*,
Now, make the rarest ring;
Homer, art' *poore*? then stand at *Doore*,
Though thou canst sweetly *Sing*.

EPIG.

Epigrams.

EPIG. 42.

*Against BORBONIVS the Poets
Trifles.*

What thou call'st *Trifles*, but not thought'st so
I call not *Trifles*, but I thinke th'are such. (much,

EPIG. 48.

To the True Statesman.

Though for thy *Country* it be prayse to dye;
Yet, for her *Good to Live*, 's more dignitie.

EPIG. 55.

The Courtier.

If thou be *Good*, Better in time,
Not Greater, thou mayst bee:
If thou be *Great*, thee Greater then,
Not Better, Time may see.

EPIG. 58.

*A Secret against Hoary-Haires to
Bithynicus.*

That, in *Old-Age* thy *Haire* may not waxe-Gray,
Baldnesse in Youth (ô rare!) is the right way.
Probatum est.

EPIG.

Epigrams.

EPIG. 63.

Against Pontia.

ALL Cuck-olds, cast ith' Sea, Pontius would haue:
Learne first to swim (quoth's Wife) thy selfe to
(saue.

EPIG. 68.

Venus.

LOne comes and goes, retires, retournes,
As Sea's doe ebbe and flow;
How comes it Loue's so like the Sea?
How ? Venus thence did grow.
In Venus is Varietie,
Sometimes Shee Nill, Shee Will;
Therefore with Mooring-Planets plac'd,
Not with Starres standing still.

EPIG. 70.

Woman.

Woman as Weaker or more * Soft is said,
Yet Eue o'th' Bone of Mā, not Flesh was made.
* Mulier, quasi mollior.

EPIG. 71.

*Affinity twixt Lawyers and
Phisicians.*

THe Lawyers and Phisicians case
haue neere Affinitie;

Epigrams.

For, others Ruines make them Rich,
No doubt most Lawfully.
These Sucke the Sicke, for Potions, Pounds,
For Law Those Lands purloine :
These promise Health, and so get Wealth,
Those Quietnesse for Coyne.

EPIG. 82.

Of the Day.

THE Day, with one-eye farre more things espies,
Than Night can see with more than Argos-eyes.

EPIG. 87.

A Good-man.

THings that be Rare, are euer Deare,
And of great price esteemed :
Then sure (I thinke) an Honest-man,
Most precious may be deemed.

EPIG. 89.

Against PAULINVS.

PAulinus, when thy Friend Askes ought of thee,
Thine answer is, To morrow come to me. (borrow)
Wou'dst haue mee giue thee Thankes for what I
For thy Good-turne Ile giue thee Thankes to mor-
(row.

EPIG.

Epigrams.

EPIG. 92.

A Machiuiilian.

COgge, Counterfeit, as thou shalt see
Both *Time* and *Place* require,
That when occasion's offered,
Thou mayst haue thy desire :
Yea, now *Hee's Wife* can *Temporize*,
His hoped prey to catch ;
For *Gold* and *Gaine*, who will refraine ?
All seasons well to watch.

EPIG. 101.

Death.

WHat *Death* is, dost thou aske of me ?
Till *Dead* I doe not know ;
Come to me when thou bear'st I'm *Dead*,
Then what tis I' shall show.

EPIG. 102.

A Client.

THe *Client* going-Home, may sing by th'way,
And needs not feare the *theefe* to bid him stay :
For *Lawyers* doe for *Fees* so filch their coyne,
That many times, they scarce know where to
(Dine.

EPIG. 104.

Children and Fooles tell True.

Children & Fooles (our *Prouerbe* saith) tell true,
As who should say, th'are *Fooles* the truth that
(shew.
If

Epigrams.

If thus they'le haue it, yet th'are *Knauess* that lie;
Ple be *Truths Foole*, let them loue *Knauerie*.

EPIG. 106.

Against Ball'd-pates.

B *All'd-pate*, my *Haires* I ne're could numerate,
Nor thou thine owne, ther's *None* left on thy
(pate.

EPIG. 115.

Backe-biters, Flatterers.

A *Naxagoras* was wont to say, that *Snow*
Was *Blacke*, more *Blacke* was *Anaxag'ras* *Hart*.
Many such *Enuious Elses* this *Age* doth know:
The flatt'ring *Foxe*, with his dissembling *Art*,
Praysed the *Whitenesse* of the *Cole-blacke Crow*;
Such fawning *Foxes* are (alas) too many,
Who, for aduantage *Prayse* and *Dis-prayse* any.

EPIG. 117.

An Herculean Labour.

(vnder,
To curbe the *Courage*, and *Wines Tongue* keep-
May wel be call'd, *Hercules* thirteenth *Wonder*.

EPIG. 123.

Of Bardella a Theefe.

The *Theife Bardella* being Iudg'd to *Dye*,
A *Fryer* gaue him *Ghostly Exhortation*:
B *God*

Epigrams.

Good-Brother (saith he) Dye most ioyfully:
For thou shalt Sup in Heau'ns blest Habitation.
Sir (quoth *Bardella*) I must Fast this Day;
Take you that Supper in my sted I pray.

EP I G. 128.

Answer to Cynthiaes Epistle.

Thy Paper white, thy Letter blacke came to me,
This thy foule-Hart, That thy white skin doth
(shew me.

EP I G. 129.

To Sextillian Sp.

Sextillian, when thy Father thee begor,
To Get thee, then, his minde (I thinke) 'twas
Himselfe to recreate, not thee Create, (not;
Was all (I iudge) he then did Cogitate:
If, more the Gift, than Giuers minde be prayسد,
Then, sure, thy Life to him is not ingaged.

EP I G. 131.

Saturnes three Sonnes.

Diuines are doubtfull, Lawyers lew'd and ill,
Physicians foule; yet these the World rule still:
If such ill Gouvernours, the People nurse,
No maruel, then, though all grow worse & worse.

EP I G. 137.

Against Pomponia.

Pomponia did a fickle feather weare
Vpon her head; feathers doe Souldiers fit.
True, and Sbee this for Mars his Loue did beare.
This shewes, that Mars in Venus Lap may sit:
Thogh on their heads our Hells feathers haue,
Marueile not, for, tis Paris fauour braue. E

Epigrams.

EP I G. 146.

Vertue in the Middle.

A Gallant Dame, scarce of good Name,
Ith' midst twixt two Men went,
Vertue, as heere it may appeare,
Her place had lost or lent.

EP I G. 150.

To his absent Loue.

I Burne poore wretch, and so much more
Am burnt with Lones desire;
By how much I am further off,
From my Loue-burning Fire.

EP I G. 162.

A Probleme of Hornes.

W Hen wines defile their Husbands marriage Bed,
Why weares the harmeles Husband Hornes?
(Hee's Head.

EP I G. 168.

To the Reader, of himselfe.

M Y breuity, though some may Sloth esteeme,
Yet to be brieft, most Labour I doe deeme:
Much madly I speake not, with vulgar sort;
Though mine perhaps be foolish, yet tis short.

EP I G. 170.

Of Himselfe.

A Ske and Receiue, so Iames th' Apostle sayes,
O that King Iames to me would vse that Phrase.

FINIS.

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W

1910

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I thought none of the other people

1917

10

of 1892 in Dec. 1. 1892

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EPIGRAMS.

Out of the second Booke.

EPIG. 4.

To the Lady MARY NEVELL.

IN *Tables faire*, our fading *formes* are painted,
That *what 'ith face* would fade, 'in *Them* may
To paint in *Tables* I am vnacquainted, (dure;
My *Verse* shall pourtray what *power* can procure,
That *what Frames* cannot, *Verse* may keepe vn-
Yet, none but rare *Apelles* that can do; (tainted,
And, none but great *Apollo* this can show.

EPIG. 10.

A true Trojan.

THE *Troians Troy* being brought t'annoy, grew
Himselfe, this *Troian*, who doth not agnize? (wise;

Epigrams.

EPIG. 16.

*To the Lord High Treasurer of
England.*

A Faithfull Treasurer thou art
Vnto thy King and State;
Than all rich Treasures, I, thy Faith
More precious estimate.

EPIG. 24.

*To Richard Vaughan, once Bishop of
London.*

THose Preachers are to be esteemed best, (Done;
Which Doe the things they Teach ought to bee
Thou wast a Bishop learned best and blest,
Doing what thou hadst Taught men should not shun.

EPIG. 29.

To Sir Philip Sidney.

HE which doth Deeds in Bookes to be exprest,
Or things worth reading rarely doth Indite,
Is blest; but thou who didst both these more blest,
Thou, Deedes worth writing, Workes to reade didst
Thy Writings doe thy Learning intimate, (write:
Thy Vertuous Deeds thy Vertue demonstrate.

EPIG.

Epigrams.

EPIG. 32.

*To the Right Honourable Lucy, Countesse
of Bedford.*

THe *Light* to thee (*sweet Lucy*) giues a *Name*,
Which through the world shines to thy datelesse
The *Lustre* of *Illustrious Parèts* wrought-Thee (same.
Thy *Wit*, thy *Vertue*, to this *Light* haue brought
(Thee.

EPIG. 33.

*An Honourable Gold-Ring:
To Henry Goodyeer, Knight.*

Nobilitie's the *Gold*, *Vertue* the *Stone*,
For euer may'st thou by this *Ring* be knowne.

EPIG. 35.

To D. B.

If he *Liue-well*, that *Lines* a *Quiet Life*,
If *wisedome*'t be, that *wisedome* bee concealed,
Then thou *Liue'st-well*, whose *Wit* and *wisdome* rise
The more thou *hid'st*, the more thy worth *revealed*.

EPIG. 40.

*The Strength of England to the
Prince.*

Englands safe *Gates*, are her *Cinque-Ports*;
Her stately *Ships*, her *Walls*;

Epigrams.

Her *Camps*, the *Sea*; *Bulwarkes*, her *Corps*;
Her *Heart*, her *Generalls*.

EPIG. 41.

The Terrestriall Globe.

THE *Earth* and *Sea* one *Globe* doe make,
And who would this suppose?
Earth firme *Remaynes*, the *Sea* *Remooues*,
Earth's fast, *Sea* ebbes and *flowes*.

EPIG. 42.

Vn-Healtby Healths.

BY how much more thou *Healths* dost drinke,
So much lesse *Health* thou haste;
Thousand such *Healths* take thou, for mee,
That *Health* by *Healths* wilt waste:
To wisemen, that, is *Healthiest*,
To drinke no *Healths* at-all;
What *Health* can be in drinking *Healths*?
When *Men* like *Beasts* must *crawle*.

EPIG. 43.

The Diuine, the Politician,

The Diuine.

WHAT profits it that thou dost *know*,
Vnlesse another *know* it?

Politician.

What boots thy *Knowledge* vnto thee?
If thou to others *show* it.

Epigrams.

EPIG. 52.

The Louer.

VNconstant-Hope, most Constant-Fear:
Vaine-Pleasure vanishing;
Ioy and Annoy, Hony and Gall,
Loue bitter-relishing.

EPIG. 55.

The German-Death to Polynicus.

DEath, 's Not to be; so Seneca doth thinke,
But Dutch-men say tis Death to Cease to Drinke.

EPIG. 61.

The Niggard, the Prodigall.

PROdigalls, are free-hearted Rhetoricians,
Niggards are hold-fast-close and slye Logicians:
The Clutch-fist Churle by Logicke vnderstand,
By Rhetorike the Spend-Thrifts Open-hand.

EPIG. 65.

*The Earle of Dorset his Adagic,
Neyther furiously, nor
fearefully.*

DOUBT all things wisely, wisely Hope for all;
Of all Take-beed, that thou mayst feare no fall.

EPIG.

Epigrams.

EPIG. 66.

*Sir Henry Neuill his Adagic.
Wish no vaine thing.*

NO vaine, nor vile thing wish to haue,
This Counsell is both wise and graue :
For, base things are of base esteeme,
And wisemen, vaine things, nought worth deeme.

EPIG. 69.

To his Friend.

I Will not be a Foe to any,
Nor be familiar with too many :
And twice I will not Loue my Friend,
But whom I Loue, I'le Loue to th' end.

EPIG. 70.

Money ouercomes all.

Serpents that crawle, Fish in the Sea,
Yea Beasts and Birds of th' Ayre;
From Males and Females and All things,
Loue, once, did Conquest b'are :
But Gold the King with's Silver Queene,
And wealth their Eldest-Sonne ;
With power, Now rise, to winne the Prize,
And it from Lone haue wonne.

EPIG.

Epigrams.

EPIG. 73.

Adulterie and Fornication.

TH' *Adult' rer* and the *Cuckold*, diff. rent bee,
As *Comedy* is from a *Tragedy*.

EPIG. 74.

Of Hercules to C. D.

WHom, neuer force nor fence of strongest arme,
Could fell or quel, is vāquish't by *Loves* charme;
Who? prou'd so strong to wrong *Alcides* great?
'Twas *Loue*, but not by force but foule deceit:
He flew *Leena*, *Lena* could not tame,
Monsters could ne're; his *Mistresse* wrought his
(shame.

EPIG. 85.

Erasmus Fooleries.

THat old *Erasmus*, Foolishnesse, did prayse;
That, Foolishnesse, his wits same much did rayse.

EPIG. 90.

Against Vnfaithfulnesse.

TRusting false words, I learned to distrust:
False Hope hath forc't me feare, & that most iust.

EPIG.

Epigrams.

EPIG. 94.

Wisdom.

WHO's wealthy? *Wisemen*; who are *Poore*?
Rude *Dolts*, and *Sots* vnwise;
If I be *wise* then, quickly, I
To *Riches* may arise:
But tell me, *Now*, what *Man* is *wise*?
The *Rich*; who *Fooles*? the *Poore*;
Then, if not *rich*, though *wise*, I may
Goe begge from doore to doore.

EPIG. 96.

Against a certaine Drunkard.

IF *Gold* could be as eas'ly *Drunke*,
As for it most men *Thirst*;
Sellers of *Gold* their *Paunch* would be
Stuft, till their *Bellies* burst.

EPIG. 99.

Anger or Wrath.

IT seemes, that *Aristotle* vs'd
To call *Wrath*, *Vertues* *Spurre*;
Because it *Spurres*, *Spurnes* vertuous men,
As being *Ennies* *Curre*.

EPIG.

Erigrams.

EPIG. 106.

To a certayne Dyer waxing-old.

THy Beard, which once was *Blacke*, is now turn'd
But that's by *Nature*, not by *Arts* best *flight*.
(white:

EPIG. 120.

Against a great Clerke.

Sicke-stomakes, much doe swallow downe,
But Little doe Digest;
So, thou know'st much, but yet, in thee
Small *Wisedome* is exprest.

EPIG. 124.

Against an Harlot.

OH, I could wish thou wert lesse faire,
Or else wert better giuen;
For, *worser* things than *Harlots* faire,
There are not vnder *Heaven*.

EPIG. 127.

To Claudius, and Linus.

VNgodly *Claudius*, to be Good,
Wants nothing but a *will*:
Lewd Linus, also, wanteth nought
But *Power* to be *ill*.

EPIG.

Epigrams.

EPIG. 131.

Against Couetous and Lame Alanus.

IF thou to *Lame Alanus*, Giue,
Than *Thankes*, expect no more;
In *Thankes*, then, like *Centimanus*
Hee'le be; though *Lame* before:
But if thou Giue, and some *Reward*
Expectest for the same;
Then, though in *Power Centimanus*,
Hee'le bee most *Weake* and *Lame*.

EPIG. 142.

Against Marcus a Lawyer.

THE *Lawyer* Pleades his Owne not *Clients Cause*,
Yet *Clients Money* he to *London* drawes;
Not for *Himselfe*, but for his *Lawyers Fees*,
This *Lawyers* get how ere the *Client Lees*:
The *Law* is plaine, the poore mans *Cause* in doubt,
Thus *Lawyers* *Gain*e must hold the *Client* out.

EPIG. 148.

Sir Francis Drake his Epitaph.

THOUGH *Pop'ry* should (which *Heau'n* forbid) re-
They could not (*Noble Drake*) dig vp thy *Grave*;
Thy *Bones* to burne, as once with fell *disdaine*,
They did against good *Luther* rage and raue:
Thou

Epigrams.

Thou needst not feare (I say) *Romes* wrath, for
Thy *Bones* ith' *Bottom* of the *Sea* do lye. (why?)

EPIG. 165.

The King, the People.

AS, when the *Head* with *Wine's* orecome,
The *Feet* trip to and fro;
So *Princes* that *Illiterate* be,
Their *Subjects* ouerthrow.

EPIG. 166.

The Senate.

THE *King* doth *Raigne* himselfe alone,
Why then *Rules* he not *All*?
He which both *Rules* and *Ruled* is,
Rule others better shall.

EPIG. 168.

Of Dyet, to I. H. Knight.

IF thou *Old-age* with *healthfull-dayes*,
Desirest to enioy;
Use *Food* as *Phisike*, *Phisike* as *Food*,
Neither of both t' annoy:
For *Phisike*, taken as 'twere *Food*,
The *Health* doth strangely wrong;
But, *Food*, as *Phisike* wisely vs'd,
Doth *Life* in *Health* prolong.

EPIC.

Epigrams.

EPIG. 173.

The five Senses.

THe Senses five, as Servants waite on Man,
To Please his Will, or winne his Will to Pleasure,
Who vse them With or without Wisdomes Measure,
Their Profit or Dis-profit publish can.

EPIG. 179.

The Obiects of the Senses.

MY Hearing, Sight, my Smell, my Taste, my Touch,
Doc me affect and me infect as much.

EPIG. 185.

The Phœnix, the Viper.

THe Phœnix, Dying doth her yong Regaine;
The Vipers brood doth breed her forced-bane.

EPIG. 186.

The Silke-Worme.

(Toile;
MY Art drawes-out my Heart; my Toombe, my
My Worke workes-out my Life; I Spin my Spoile.

EPIG.

Epigrams.

EPIG. 194.

Manuring of the Ground.

THough *Vile* thou be, yet *Usefull* th'art,
And for *Manuring* good ;
For thou vnto our *Aliment*,
Art *Nutrimēt*, though *Mud*.

EPIG. 196.

The Parret.

IF lawfull't be, of things t' inuert the name ;
With *prattling Parret*, *Prater* is the same.

EPIG. 206.

The Souldier.

Warres wounding *Weapons* hurt not so my *Heart*,
As vnarm'd *Venus* pierceth with her *Dart*.

EPIG. 208.

The Louers Teares.

AS *Wood* sends forth much *sappe*, when burnt ith^(fire)
So, *Louers* weepe, when *Croft* in *Layes* desire.

Epigrams.

EPY G. 213.

Eccho.

NO Art can Graue or Paint Mans Voice in Table,
Eccho reflected Sounds t' expresse, is able.

EPI G. 214.

The Looking-Glasse.

NOt famous Phidias, nor Apelles rare,
Can Carue or Paint Motion, thou'lt it declare.

EPI G. 215.

Eccho and the Looking-Glasse.

Eccho hath nothing but a Voice to Live,
The Mirrour nothing wants, if Voice you giue.

FINIS.



EPIGRAMS.

Out of the third Booke.

EPIG. 2.

To the Lady Mary Neuil.

THou, who *Vn-borne*, the *Eurthen* wast
Of thy then *parient-Stemme*;
Now, being *borne*, her *Beauty* art,
Euen *Parents ioyfull Iemme*.

EPIG. 3.

To the Reader of his Booke.

IFearc (kind *Reader*) lest my *Verse* displease thee,
Carpe thou (fond *Momus*) it shall ne're disease
(mee.

EPIG. 8.

Basilicon Doron, to the King.

WHat need wee *Pen* this *Pen-mans* prayse,
Or write his *Workes* rare worth;
Whose *Prayse* the *Workes*, whose *Workes* th' *Author*
T' each other full set-forth.

Epigrams.

EPIG. 13.

Of Vertue.

TRUE Vertue, Prayse, doth nothing prize,
Though Honour her attend;
As Shaddowes on the Body waite,
When's rayes Sol forth doth send:
For, Vertue is Substantiall,
Glory, but glittering shew;
As Bodies are Essentiall,
Shaddowes no Substance true.

EPIG. 20.

Union.

UNION's Divine; Division's Diuells foind,
For, ther's one God, but Diuells doe abound.

EPIG. 21.

Three Tempters.

OUR Life, three subtrill Sophisters retaines,
The world, the Flesh, Satan, who ore the raignes:
Satan's an old Logician; th' other two
Are Rhetoricians, and much skill can shew.

EPIG. 23.

Man to Man's a God, a Wolfe.

MAN vnto Man a God, a Wolfe is knowne,
The one in Christ, in Adam eother's shownes;
For,

Epigrams.

For, Christ both God and Man, so Man's a God,
Adam a Wolfe to Man, Gods plaguing Rod.

EPIC. 28.

The Misery of this Life.

Long-Life, though weake and wretched, Man de-
That is, to be a Wyetch he Long requires :
Weake, wretched Iron dyes against his will ;
That is, he would haue Lin'd most wretched, still. (Sires;

EPIC. 29.

Of Nature and Grace.

A Gloomy-Moone-Light, is our Natures Light :
But Grace doth Glister, like the Sun most bright.

EPIC. 30.

A Catechisme.

TWICE Sixe belecue, for Senen things pray,
Ten things performe, and Live for aye.
This Catechisme vse aright,
And thou shalt see Heavens glorious Light.

EPIC. 31.

The Rich-man.

WHat is the Cause, few Rich, to Heav'n doe goe ?
'T's a Costly-Journey, they'le not much bestow.

Epigrams.

EPIG. 34.

The Holy-Ghost.

AS, Pigeons Live on Houses white,
And there-about abide :
So, God above, pure-Hearts doth love,
And with them will reside,

EPIG. 36.

Of the King.

A Light-lesse Sunne, is Law, without a King ;
A King without a Law, is nothing lesse :
Men mark the King, Kings Men by Lawes redresse :
Thus, Lawes and People, Kings in order bring.

EPIG. 41.

God-Man.

GOD could not feele, nor Man alone Death quell,
Christ, God and Man, did Both; as Scriptures tell.

EPIG. 43.

Death.

THE Bad flye from, the Good doe Death attend;
Death's th' End of Woe, or Woe without an End.

EPIG.

Epigrams.

EPIG. 44.

A Miracle.

Let others, *Wonders wond'rously* admire:
I, God their *Author* most t' extoll desire.

EPIG. 45.

Adams Fall, Mans Thrall.

BY *Adams Fall, Mans Soule* did fall,
It h' power of the *Preacher*;
His *Flesh* to *Phisike*, and his *Goods*
To th' *Lawyer*, that *Gold-Reacher*.

EPIG. 46.

To Adam.

THe *Diuell*, *Deaths-Dam*, *Eue* and *Adam*
With *Apple* did deceiue;
With his *All-Haile*, their *Ioyes* did faile,
And *Edens blisse* them leaue.

EPIG. 48.

The Tempter.

AS, *Mice* make *Holes* in *walls* to get their *prey*:
So, *Satan* *Findes* or *Makes* it h' *Heart* a way.

Epigrams.

EPIG. 49.

Mortification.

THat thou mayst Live when Dead thou art,
To Dye, yet Live must be thy part;
Learne first to Dye, then, ere thou Dye;
This, Sinfull-flesh will Mortifie.

EPIG. 51.

Against thee-onely have I sinned.

Psalm 51.

Subiects, 'gainst God, the King, the Lawes, offend;
Kings, onely God, because Kings All transcend,

EPIG. 52.

Prayer.

AS, Christ did Heav'n's vn-op'd Gates penetrate:
So, Prayer by Faith must pierce Heav'n's fast bard
(Gate.

EPIG. 53.

Mary Magdalens Teares.

Her wand'ring Eyes, which view'd each Vanity,
Shee bleares with teares, and weeps most bitterly;
The cause (I iudge) such brinish teares to bring,
Was, that the Eye was Sinners first Fount and Spring.

EPIG.

Epigrams.

EPIG. 55.

Methusalem is Dead.

TO *Live-Long*, is not *Life*, to *Live* is *Life*:
What is 't to *Live-Long*, then? to *Dye* from *strife*.

EPIG. 56.

Of Law and Justice.

THe *Judge*, not *Justice*, hath the most resort:
'Tis *strange*; since *Laws*-way's *Long*; *Justice* path
(*Short*,

EPIG. 57.

Intemperance.

Since, most desire a *Long Life* to enjoy;
By *Luxury*, why doe we *Life* destroy?
We faine would *Live*, yet will the meanes refuse;
We wrong our *Health*, and then *Physicians* use.

EPIG. 60.

Liberty.

IF He be *well*, which hath what he can wish,
Why then doe *Men* for stinging *Serpents* fish?
True *Liberty*, 'mongst *Virtues* beares the *Bell*;
He may *Live* as he *Will*, which *Will Live well*.

EPIG.

Epigrams.

EPIG. 63.

The Crosse of Christ.

THe Crosse bore Christ, & Christ the Crosse did beare;
It him, He, It bore, vs to rid from feare.

EPIG. 64.

Of Religion.

Religion, is a Tree, fruitfull and faire,
And must be planted in each Good Mans Heart;
The Root, is Labour, and the Fruit most rare,
Is Honour, euery Godly-Mans Desert.
And, well is't said, Men first were Gods by feare;
For, to feare God is Pietie's first part:
Religions Root is bitter, better on high,
For, Feare's her Fount, her River's Charity.

EPIG. 66.

Married-folke.

MAn, Loue thy Wife, thy Housband, Wife, obey,
Wines are our Heart, We should be Head alway.

EPIG. 67.

Study.

Some men grow-mad, by Studying much to know:
But, who growes-mad, by Studying Good to grow?

EPIG.

Epigrams.

EPIG. 69.

The Blessed Virgin.

HEr *Makers Mother, Gods deare Sponse,*
The *Daughter of her Childe;*
A *Mayde, yet Wise; Mother, yet Mayde;*
Was *Blessed Mary milde.*

EPIG. 74.

Liberty of Speech.

SOME, hold it th' onely *Liberty to Prate,*
But that's true *Freedom Speech to Moderate.*

EPIG. 75.

A Probleme to Marcus.

WHat profits it, or *Good or Bad to bee?*
Since, little difference twixt them *Both we see,*
For, *Bad* are punisht *justly* as by force;
The *Good* by *Might*, as if by *Lawfull* course.

EPIG. 78.

To Christ.

OVr *Hold-fast Anchor, and safe Ship*
Of *Faith, our Sea of Love;*
Earths sauiory Salt, Caelestiall Sun,
Our *Soules Health* from *aboue:*

Thy

Epigrams.

Thy Crosse hath Crosse'd Deaths great rage,
By thy Death, Death lyes Dead;
And is't not strange that Death should Dye,
Or ere be vanquished?

EPIG. 79.

Selfe-Loue.

THEY, which the faults of others quickly spy;,
But at their owne wil wink with Selfe-Loues Eye:
How euer, Such, to Some may seeme full wise,
Yet, greatest folly this in them descryes.

EPIG. 84.

A Prayer.

BY Praying, Good-men Better bee,
Prayse, Bad-men worse doth make:
Wise-men doe grow more Cautious,
Foolcs greater Pride doe take.

EPIG. 92.

Al-ways the same.

O Ne-God, there euer was and ere shall bee,
Why then One-Faith amongst vs haue not wee?
One-Faith, as doth One Day, the world should light:
As One-God's in the world, and Sunne most bright.

EPIG.

Epigrams.

EPIG. 94.

Christ's Wounds.

(Sores,
CHRIST'S WOUNDS, to vs, were rather Salves than
For, our Lost-Health, by them, He t'vs restores.

EPIG. 101.

Christ the Way.

(eternall ?
WOULD'it walke the *Way* which Leads to Life
'Twas Sent, 'tis Scene, in Christ thy King super
(nall.

EPIG. 104.

Patience or Content.

THON'dst Dye, or not Dye; Death or Stayes,
Or Comes; yet take thy Lot:
Tis Ill to Nill, as Bad to Will,
When thou shouldst Dye, or Not.

EPIG. 109.

Man.

THE HEART's a Hurt, procur'd by Care,
Our Corps, Corruption dry;
W'are borne, but how? oft to be sicke,
We Live, why? oft to Dye.

Epigrams.

EPIG. 112.

Eloquence.

NOt many Weedes, but *whok some Herbes,*
The fertile Grounds declare:
They're Eloquent which *Well can speake;*
Not those which Babblers are.

EPIG. 117.

O Times and Manners!

WHy thus doe Men, Manners and Times accuse?
When Men themselves, Manners and Times a-
W' are Bad in them, they worse by vs do grow, (buse;
Yet, wee complaine that helpe to make them so.

EPIG. 120.

Of Strife or Contention.

O, I could wish, I might so happy bee,
Men, Strive to Love, not Love to Strive, to see.

EPIG. 124.

Marryed-folke.

A House, vs both in Discord can't contayne,
In Bed, we both in Concord doe remayne.

EPIG.

Epigrams.

EPIG. 135.

Christ.

AS Morning is Nights End and Dayes beginning:
So Christ is Deaths End and Salvations Spring.

EPIG. 140.

Of Sleepe.

IF Sleepe be Death, then Death than Sleepe
Can be esteem'd nought els;
The more thou Sleep'st then, lesse thou Liu'st,
This, playne Experience tels.
And is our Death but like a Sleepe?
When Men haue Slept, they Wake;
Then Courage Christian, Feare O Wretch;
Thee Heauen, thee Hell shall take.

EPIG. 147.

Against Epicures.

OFt haue I heard both Yong and Old complaine,
That Loue & Life do n't Long-enough remaine:
Lifes Pleasure, Pleasures Life is short soone spent;
He's wise therefore can leaue both, with content.

EPIG. 148.

Workes.

Good-men to Hean'n, their Good-Deedes follow
The Wicked's Ill-Deeds, follow them to Hell.

(well;

EPIG.

Epigrams.

EPIG. 161.

*Sence, Reason, Faith, Love,
God.*

Sence, voyd of Reason, silly is,
Reason's bad, without Faith;
Faith's Nothing-worth, if Love it lacke,
Love's good, if God it hath.

EPIG. 164.

Wisedome, Fortitude.

Tis Wisedome, Enits to beware,
To beare them's Fortitude;
The Wise not beares, nor Valiant feares,
Harmes borne and well eschew'd.

EPIG. 165.

Labour.

He which by Sweat, would haue Men Eate,
And by their Labour Line;
If they take paine, with him to Raigne,
Heav'n's Dainties will them giue.

EPIG. 168.

Christian Aduerbes.

NOt Adiectiues but Aduerbes best can doe:
Not, *What-Good*, *How-Well* God hath care vnto.

Erigrams.

EPIG. 171.

Time.

Time All Consumes, both Us and euery Thing,
We Time Consume, thus, Both one Song doe Sing.

EPIG. 172.

*Much Admonition to his Friend
Michael Heydon.*

DOe nothing Rashly, Faintly; All with Heed,
Too-Late, too-Soone doe nothing; All with Speed:
Nature, Thee faint, Wisdome Thee valiant makes,
Who? feares things fearefull, which, Heed of
(them takes.

EPIG. 176.

Honesty, Dishonesty.

Good-men hate Vice, because they Vertue loue,
That there's few-Good, this, then, doth plainly
Dishonesty is now so high ascended, (proue.
And Honesty so Low, so vilipended;
That in these Sin-full, Sin-foule dayes well-nigh,
Tis counted Vicious, to Liue Vertuously.

EPIG. 178.

Of the Soule.

MAns Soule Cælestiall is aboue the Skies:
For, with the Body if it Rise, it Dies.

Epigrams.

EPIG. 180.

Hell.

AS, *Blacke* by no meanes can be *Dyed White*,
From *Hell* to *Heav'n*, so, None can take their
(flight.

EPIG. 192.

Man.

MAN *cryes* in's *Birth*, what *Joy's* then to be *Borne*?
Why *weep* we at *Mens Deaths* as *Men* *forlorne*?

EPIG. 196.

Wise Simplicitie.

Like *harmelesse Dove*, to *Live* in *Loue*,
To all *Men* doth belong:
Like *Serpents wise*, *Live*, I *advise*,
That none may doe thee wrong.

EPIG. 206.

*Vpon the Death of Charles Blunt, Earle
of Deuonshire.*

Whether *Sad-Passion*, or *sweet Prayse* to use,
An *Elegie* or *Elogie* to choose,
I doubt *deuise*, such is my *Loue*, thy *Losse*;
Oh, greedy *Death* to take *Gold*, leaue vs *Drosse*.
Now thou art *Dead* many tilke much of Thee,
Good, *Best*; *Bad*, *Worst*; *this*, is well *prays'd* to bee.

FINIS.



EPIGRAMS.

Out of one sole Booke.

EPIG. 23.

Against Marcus.

Nature hath giuen *two*-Hands, *one* Tongue to Men,
They should performe more than they promise
Thou'lt promise much, nought giue, but All delay, (then
As though thou hadst *two* Tongues, no Hands to pay.

EPIG. 24.

The Romish Masse-Priest, and Geneuian Minister.

Masse-Priest.

FOR *Adultery* no man should Dye,
Thus Baals Priest still cryes;
His Neighbours *Wife*, he Loues a *Life*,
Himselfe hath *None*; He's *Wife*.

Geneuian Minister.

For *Adultery* 't's fit Men should Dye,
Thus the *Geneuian* cryes:

Epigrams.

But what's the *cause* hee'd haue such *Laws*?
His *Wife* is faire; Hee's *Wife*.

EPIG. 27.

Against a Couetous Clyent.

What? dost thou *grudge*, because the *Iudge*
Is *Deafe* and will not heare?
Thy-*Selfe's* to *blame*, who to him *came*,
And *Feeling* didst *forbear*.

EPIG. 34.

Against Linus.

Thou wast my *Debtour* when I *Lent* thee *Coine*,
Pay mee mine owne, and then I will be thine.

EPIG. 39.

Man is a Stage-Player.

Mans *Life's* a *Tragike Comedie*,
Hope is his *Argument*;
The *Prologue Faith*; the *Acts are Love*,
The *Stage Earths Continent*.
And in this *Manner*, when, to *Day*,
Kings and Meane-Men doe end their *Play*;
To *Morrow*, others take their *Roomes*,
Whiles they doe fill vp *Graves and Tombes*.

EPIG.

Epigrams.

EPIG. 44.

*Neither in this World, nor in the World
to come.*

Against Damiane.

Whether things *Present* or to *Come*, I mind, I find,
Than thou, more *wretch*, ith' *World* I cannot
The *World* to *Come* auailles thee nought, Th'art *Bad*,
And being a *Foole*, no *Good* can beere be had.

EPIG. 52.

*Against byting Momus or Carping
Zoilus.*

Back-byter, why doest thou thy *Brother Bite*?
In *Enuying* what he hath well effected,
In *Carping-at* what he hath *Ill-neglected*,
Brothers, each *Others Slips* let slip, not smite.

EPIG. 54.

Against a Selfe-Louer.

VNto thy *Neighbour*, be as kinde
As to thy-*Selfe* thou art;
Thou'lt say I am, how's that? my *Selfe*
Am neereft mine owne *Heart*,

Epigrams.

EPIG. 63.

Learning most neglected.

LEarned *Apollo*, once, vnshaued went,
But now, *Hee's Cut*, *shorne*, *torne* and all-berent;
His *Lovely face* is, now, in such a *Case*, (space:
As scarce it *Smiles*, once, in a *twelue-moneths*
Alas, he *Dreames* that *Deemes Parnassus* pleasant,
Honour (*Arts Hope*) is giuen to euery *Pesant*,
To play on *Phœbus Lute*, 's to play the *Lout*,
Learning goes *Lame* (now) and is *Sicke o'th' Gout*:
When *Dolts* haue *Lucke* on *Honours* step to stay,
Let *Schollers* burne their *Bookes* and goe to play!

EPIG. 67.

*'Tis Better to Giue, than to
Receiue.*

MAns propertie's to *Take*, and *Gods* to *Giue*,
Too few such *Giuing-Gods* in these dayes *Liue*.

EPIG. 68.

Against Ponticus the Clyent.

CLyent, art *Sicke* of the *Cithâgran-Gout*,
And nothing on thy *Lawyer* wilt bestow?
O'th' *Podagra* He's ill then, can't stirre out,
A *Laxie Lamenes* then doth on him grow;
For if he be not both oft *Pray'd* and *Pay'd*,
Thy *Cause* for this *cause* shall be long delayd.

Epigrams.

EPIG. 71.

Philautus and Philaristo.

Philautus.

THou do'st expect (my *Philarist*)
That I, a *Gift* should send;
Except my *Selfe*, *Gift* haue I none,
This, I to Thee commend.

EPIG. 72.

Philaristo.

YOU sent a *Gift*, and *Nothing* 'twas,
I, *Nothing* send to you:
You Gaue your *Selfe*, your *Selfe* to you
I send-backe; so Adieu.

EPIG. 73.

To Sir Henry Fanshaw, Knight.

IF *Fortune* had Alotted thee by Lot,
Augustus Empire or *Mecænas* Store;
This Age had scene *Poetick-Maros* more,
But, No *Mecænas*, *Maro* is forgot.

Epigrams.

EPIG. 78.

A Heauenly Archer.

F*Aith*, is our *Shaft*; our *Bow-string*, *Hope*;
Our *Bow*, is well-bent *Loue*;
Our *Length* and *Height* is *Heau'n* on high,
Our *Marke*, is *God* aboue.

EPIG. 81.

To a Litigious Debtor.

TH'art much perplext and troubled day by day,
Not *How* thou *Mayst*, but *How* thou *Mayst* Not
(*Pay*.)

EPIG. 91.

*Couetous Liberality, Against
Acerra.*

A*cerra* *Gives* to *Take*; to *Giue* *Takes* not:
To *Take*'s his *Marke*; to *Giue*'s his *Shaft* and
(*Shot*.)

EPIG. 92.

Against the Romish Catholike.

IF any one would thy *Religion* know,
T's *Catholike*, *Apostolike*, thou'lt say;
Catholike Loue, (I thinke) to *All* thou'lt show,
But why do'st not for *Catholike Faith* pray?

EPIG.

Epigrams.

EPIG. 101.

The Soules Eclipse.

AS, *Earth is Interpos'd, betweene*
The Sunne and Moones thicke shade;
So Sinne betwixt Me and my God,
Hath Separation made.

EPIG. 112.

From the Wombe to the Tombe.

AS, *Beasts ith' Fields to be our Food doe Eat;*
So Wormeling-Man is Borne to be Wormes-Meate.

EPIG. 119.

Womens Tyre.

YOur high-horn'd *Laces*, are more like
A House-Top than a Tyre;
To Build, not Beautifie their Heads,
Is Womens fond desire.

EPIG. 120.

All-things are Nothing.

HE which made *All of Nought*, *Himselfe is All:*
And what God made of Nought, wee Nought may
(call.

EPIG.

Epigrams.

EP I G. 135.

Funerall Sermons.

WE wrong Men Liuing, Prayse them being Dead:
O Pleasant Death, ô gloomy-Life so Led!

EP I G. 121.

Anger and Patience.

AS Water cooles the Fires hot flame,
And Fire, Cold-water warmes:
So Patience Peaseth Angry mindes,
Wrath moues the Dull to Armes.

EP I G. 143.

*The Bodie bids the Soule
fare-well.*

FOR thee (ô Soule) my Mother Earth I left,
And now, I must of thee be thus bereft.

The Soule bids the Bodie fare-well.

And I, fond Foole, did God my Father Leauē
For thee; who Now to Heauen will Me receiue,
I must to Him, Thou must to Her depart,
From Heau'n am I, from Earth deriu'd, Thou art:
There, till wee meet, we must Disioyn'd remayne,
Till Earth Mee thee; God Thee Mee giue againe.

EP I G.

Epigrams.

EPIG. 145.

Hot-Waters.

OVer trickling *Teares* expresse our priuate *Loue* ;
Loue causeth *Teares* ; strange, *Fire* should *Water*
(proue.

EPIG. 147.

*Poore Comfort to his Rich
Friend.*

VNconstant *Fortune* Changeth in short space,
Hence growes my *Hope*, thy *Feare*, such is thy case.

EPIG. 153.

To his Friend waxing-old.

T Hou lately wast a *Yong-man*, I a *childe*,
My *Selſe* a *Yong-man* now, *Thee*, *Old* I see:
Death, shortly, Lookes for *Thee*, *Old-Age* for *Mee*,
Thy *Lot*'s most *Sure*, but I may bee beguilde.

EPIG. 157.

To Pontilian.

Pontilian, art thou i~~e~~alous o're thy *wife*?
Th'art *wife*; but, art *Not*? then I say th'art *wife* ;
Watch *Her*, or *Not*, in vaine is all thy strife,
For, if *Shee* liſt, *Shee*'le *Foole* thee 'fore thine eyes :
But, *Shee*'s a *wife* most *Louing*, *wife* and iuſt,
Who, though *She* could, ne're wrongs her *Houſe*-
(bands trust.

EPIG.

Epigrams.

EPIG. 160.

London to I. W. Citizen and
Gold-Smith.

(Drinkest in,
EVEN as, the *Thames*, small Springs and Streames
So, London, *Wealth*, from poorer Towns doth win;
But, though the *Thames* to Sea Runnes euery Tide,
Siluer and Gold at London still abide.

EPIG. 161.

To William Cawley, a London
Marchant.

Debtour and Creditour.

THOUGH in my Booke, thy Name heere bee,
Yet, Mine in Thine, thou canst not show;
For, more than *Loue*, Thee Nought I owe,
This, I le expect, and Pay to thee.

EPIG. 166.

A Marriage-Song.

ITh' Day, thou art the *Object* of mine Eyes;
Ith' Night, *Loues Subject* thou shalt be likewise.

EPIG. 168.

To his Beloued.

I Loue thee well, Now-Knowne, I lou'd th' *un-knowne*,
Thy *fame* did first, thy *forme* now hath me taken;
Loue,

Epigrams.

Loue, now I know; I *Loue*, not *Lou'd*, forsaken,
I know what's, I *Loue*, not I'm *Lou'd*; ô *Moane*.

EPIG. 169.

A Younger Brother.

I'm *Poore*, tis true; my *Parents*, *Me* blame not,
Who'fore my *Brother* haue not *Me* begot.

EPIG. 180.

To Old Ponticus.

THou, which didst neuer *Doe* good-*Deed*,
But still adde *Sinne* to *Sinne*;
When wilt thou these *Bad Courses* leaue,
And to be *Good* beginne?
O when I *Dye*, I'll *Leaue* (sayst *Thou*)
To th' *Poore* my *whole-Estate*;
He that's not *Wise*, vntill he *Dyes*,
I thinke is *Wise* too *Late*.

EPIG. 181.

A Black-Moore in White Clothes.

O Rare scene *Bird*! much like a *Swan* most white,
Thy *Clothes* as *Snow*, thy *Skin* like *Pitch* in sight.

EPIC.

Epigrams.

EPIG. 199.

Gold out of Dounge.

Virgil, from *Ennius Dounge*, did *Gold* extract,
And our *Physicians* doe the selfe-same *Act*.

EPIG. 205.

To his Couctous Friend.

What *Rich-men* haue, tis *All*, their-owne,
From *Friends*, *Themselves*, they'le *Spare*:
But yet they *Haue-not*, what they *Haue*,
This is the *Misers* share.

EPIG. 208.

Christ-Masse and Mid-sommer.

Iohn Baptist, came ith' *Sommers* prime,
And *Christ* ith' *Winter* season;
They, *Fire* and *Water*, both, fore-show,
And both, for holy *Reason*:
How well these *Contraries* concurre,
Iohn's Fire, *Christs Water* pure;
Gods *Fire* our *Sinnes* to purifie,
Christs Water, *Sinne* to Cure.

EPIG. 214.

Aesops Tongue.

Of all Mans *Members*, than the *Tongue*, there's
More *Noble-Good*, more *Nimble Bad* be knowne.

EPIG.

Epigrams.

EPIG. 220.

Hard'ned Wickednesse *Against*
Linus.

Good-wine (they say) makes *Vineger* most Tart :
Thou, the more *Witty*, the more *Wicked* art:

EPIG. 240.

Against Ponticus a Selfe-Louer.

Neither the *Minde* nor *Eye* themselves doe see,
That thou thy-selfe shouldst *Loue* then, how may't
(bec?

EPIG. 241.

A Querê.

O Would to *God*, that, that which *Christ* enquired
Of his *Disciples*; what men of him spake:
The same of *Prince*, *Priest*, *People* were desired,
Of their *Good-name* and *fame* suruey to take:
If euery one would this desire to know,
Hee'd Know hee's *Bad* and *Better*, striue to grow.

EPIG. 242.

Report, Errour.

Errours by *Errour*, *Tales* by *Tales* great grow,
As *Small Snow-balls* by rowling too and fro.

Epigrams.

EP I G. 249.

Of Himselfe.

SOME men there be, which say of mee,
That I am not a *Poet* ;
They say well, why ? I doe not *Lye*,
I write the *Truth*, I know it.

EP I G. 253.

The Worlds Dungeon.

THIS *World's* a *Prison*, Heav'n as *Walls* doth stand,
The *laylor's Sinne*, *Women* our *Iron-band*.

EP I G. 259.

The Bagge.

AS, *Birds* with *Bird-Lime* commonly are caught:
So, *wide-Bags* are with *Wealth* wel fil'd & fraught.
A *Bagge* and *Bird-Lime* are much like in vsing,
This *Hangs*, that *Holds*, *Birds*, *Gold*, both safe from
(losing.

EP I G. 276.

To the Lady Arbella Stuart.

IF *Fame* or *Vertue* did consist in *Words*,
In thy *Praise* I might *Thousand-Verses* write:
My *Muse* cannot *Promote* thy *Glory* bright,
Thy *Vertue* rather *Grace* to It affords.

Epigrams.

EPIG. 138.

Euery one thinkes his owne fairest.

Cic. Tuscul. Quæst. Lib. 5.

THy Neighbours Wife to Thee, to Him thine's fairest:
Then, that's not true, that All thinke their owne
(rarest.

EPIG. 255.

Mans Condition.

Till one Foot falls, the tother doth not Rise;
So one Mans wracke, Another magnifies.

EPIG. 262.

Two Contrary Courtiers.

AT Court these Copesmates dwell, though not the
Moms who All, Gnatho who Nought will blame, (same,

FINIS.

E

Epigram.

ERIC. 138.

Every one thinks his own fair.

Cic. Tullius. Quod. Lib. 7.

It is not to be seen, to be seen, to be seen,
Then, that's not true, that all think is true.

ERIC. 139.

What Condition.

Thine own fault, the other doth not know,
So one man's wrack, another man's joy.

ERIC. 140.

The Country Gentlemen.

At Court these Countrymen dwell, though not the
At home who all, Gentle who Neighbour will blame.

FINIS.

E



EPIGRAMS.

Out of the fixe last Bookes.

The first Booke.

To the Reader.

DO'st maruell, why (since now adayes *Men vse*
Verses in prayse of th' *Authour*) I't refuse;
My *Verses* need no *Patron* to protect them,
If *Good* th'are *Good*; if *Bad* th'are *Bad*, neglect
(them.)

EPIG. 4.

To the Prince.

(Will,
THy Heart (in Brest, Hearts Chest) Sense, Reason,
Thy Head, thy Wit, in Thee their Parts fulfill,
For, Reason, Sense; thy Wit, thy Will doth guide;
Thy Head is by thy Heart well rectifide.
Wales had three Princes stiled-Great; thy Brother
Made-up the fourth; ith' fift place Thou art th' o-
(ther.)

Epigrams.

EP I G. 6.

Orpheus.

O *Orpheus, his wife Redeem'd from Hells hot flame,
Who e're knew Wife, for Husband do the same ?*

EP I G. 8.

*Whether Saint Peter were at
Rome.*

W *Hether or no, Saint Peter were
At Rome, is Disputable ;
But yet that Simon hath beene there,
Is most Vn-refutable.*

EP I G. 16.

Honours { *Etymo* } *logia.*
 { *Genea* }

E *Bricians, Hon; French, O'r; doe Riches call,
Hence then we see Hon-ors originall.
And since that Wealth is Honors Pedegree,
No maruell, though Rich-ASSES Honour'd bee.*

EP I G. 19.

A Regular Woman.

A *woman, to a Gen'ral-Rule,
We fitly may compare ;*

Why

Epigrams.

Why so? Those Rules doe oft deceine,
And so doe Women faire.

EPIG. 20.

Salomons Wish.

WHY did the wisest King for *wisdom* craue?
He had bin *wise* & haue wished *wealth* to haue.
Hee wisht not *wealth*, *wisdom* was his best Prize,
wisdom hee wisht, why? 'Cause he was not *wise*.

EPIG. 24.

Blessed are the { *Power* } makers.
 { *Peace* }

GR^Eat Britaines tott'ring State, affaires,
Munite' Vnited bee;
King IAMES our Gracious Peace-maker,
Power-maker blest is Hee.

EPIG. 34.

Irregularitie.

WHat I Require, I can't Acquire,
And what I Can, I Nill;
Thus all Mans Life, is nought but Strife,
Now Nill, anon hee Will.

Epigrams.

EPIG. 63.

To a Batchelour.

A *Wife is Good, Better's a Good;
But Best is none at-all:
I wish the Best may be my Lot,
And none to thee may fall.*

EPIG. 66.

Three Delta's.

T *hat, ith' Worlds-Sea thou mayst not Ship-wracke
These Delta's three, as Rockes, see, thou forsake:
Dis (worldly Riches) Diuels and Delight,
These Three to th' Spirit beare a mortall spight.* (make,

EPIG. 67.

A Payre of Gallowes to P. L.

A *Thiefes Hope is a Rope, Death is his Due,
The Gallowes all such Fellowes doth pursue,
But many scape? true, yet their Fates attend them;
And at the last, the horrid Hempe will end them.*

EPIG. 72.

Whether Bacchus be a God.

To a Drunkard.

S *ee'st thou not when th'art Drunke with dulcid
How Bacchus makes thy Head to th' Foot decline:
Since* (Wine?

Epigrams.

Since, *He* low feet exalts, high Heads brings downe,
This shewes that *He's* thy God of high Renowne.

EPIG. 76.

The Priest, the People.

THe Priests doe Pray both Night and Day,
The Lay-men they take paines ;
These Plough the Soyle, those Plough the Soule,
These Teach, those Tithe their Gaines.

EPIG. 58.

To the most Learned King James.

TO be a Poet-Good, (me thinkes) is much,
To be a Good-Man, is (me thinkes) as faire :
To be a Good-King, (I suppose) few such ;
Thou art Good Poet, Man and King, most rare.

EPIG. 44.

Against Quintus a Dreamer.

I Oft haue seene thee, *Quintus*, in sad plight,
And mourne ith' morne, when thou from sleep didst
Because thy dreames did neuer fall out, right, (rise;
And maruell nor, for, daily thou tell'st Lyes :
How then can Dreames the Truth to thee declare,
When all the Day to forge-Lyes is thy care?

Epigrams.

EPIG. 8c.

Deaths Indifferencie.

FLOUDS fight with FLOUDS: so Man with Mā's at strife:
The Ocean striues in's Motion, Man in's Life:
Riuers once Run to Sea, haue the same fauour,
Death equals All (as Waues Waues) without fauour.

EPIG. 86.

Against Cinna a Phisician.

Cinna cures sicknesse, how? he kills the sickly,
And what he doth, he (Iudas-like) doth quickly:
Happy, thrice happy are his Patients, sure;
A tedious sicknesse they shall ne're indure.

EPIG. 92.

To the Prince.

(Gaine,
ALL Night I Dreame of nought but Gold and
Thus am I Rich all Nights, a Wretch all Day:
With Gold make-good my Dreames sweet Prince
So, Reall-Royall-Rich I shall remaine. (I pray.

EPIG. 94.

A Court Louse.

THe Smooth-boote Flatt'rer Runs about the Court,
And vnto Prince and Peeres doth most resort:
So Latines name the Louse for's many-feet,
Lice, much to th' Body, most to th' Head doe fleet.

EPIG.

Epigrams.

EPIG. 96.

Against Galatæa.

(say:
HArts, yeerely, change their Snaggie Hornes, they
Thy Husbands Hornes are changed enery-day.

EPIG. 102.

Against Gellia.

WItH Papists, Gellia, thou didst e're take part:
Worse art thou now, how? Catholike thou art.

EPIG. 103.

Against Aulus.

WHeN Aulus is a little Sicke in bed,
Or hath the Tooth-ach, or distemp' red Head,
O would to God I were in Heauen, hee'le say;
So, th' Heyre for's Father, Wouldt o God, doth pray.

EPIG. 108.

Against Festus.

FEstus, th'art old, and yet wouldst married bee:
Ere thou doe so, this Counsell take of mee;
Looke into Lillies Grammar, there thou'lt finde
Cornu a Horne, a word still vndeclin'd:

This

Epigrams.

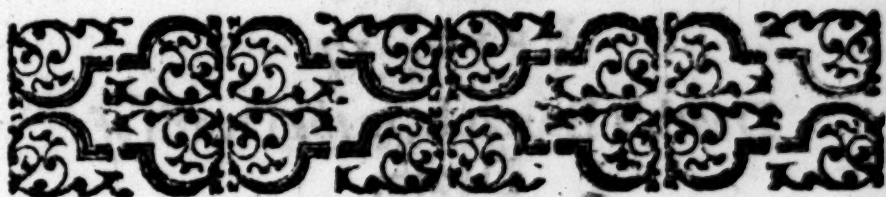
This Counsell's good; take it not as a mocke,
For sure, I thinke, few old-men scape this Rocke.

EPIG. 110.

Against Cornelius.

ALthough *Cornelius* know himselfe *Cornute*,
Yet hee with *pacience*, holds his peace, is *mute*;
Therefore, I thinke, hee's not *Cornelius*,
But fitlier may be termed *Tacitus*.

FINIS.



EPIGRAMS.

Out of second Booke.

EPIG. 5.

What Loue is.

A Iocund-Iayle, a wanton-warre,
A most vnpleasant Pleasure;
A tottering Trust, a Bitter-sweet
Is Loue; Mirth without Measure.

EPIG. 14.

*A Mathematicall Instrument, called
a Iacobs-Staffe, to Ma-
thematicks.*

THy Iacobs-Staffe take vnto thee,
He * Iacobs-Ladder choose;
These Steps, more than thy Staffe can show,
If I them well will vse.

* Genesis 28.12.

EPIG.

Epigrams.

EPIG. 17.

*Death's Epitaph, to the Death of
Death.*

Deaths Losse, was in Christs Crosse,
Thence ne're more rising:
Christs Death, Deaths Death,
Christs Crosse, Deaths Tombe comprizing.

EPIG. 19.

Of God and Man.

God is the *Word*, and by his *Word*,
God, All ith' *World* hath wrought:
Man utters *Words*, *Words* Mans chiefe Marke,
than words, Man else is nought.

EPIG. 21.

Of Fasts.

Popes in the *Yeere*, as may appeare,
Doe many *Fasts* ordayne;
For to declare, that * *Peters Chaire*
They rightly doe retayne.
* *Who was a Fisher.*

EPIG. 39.

Socrates Wisedome.

When I was *Yong*, I thought I *All-things* knew:
The more I *now-know*, more my wants I rue.

EPIG.

Epigrams.

EPIG. 44.

Earth's Body.

EArths Sinewes, are her Mettels rich;
Her Bones, are Stones most strong;
Water's her Bloud; her Superfice,
Her Skinne; Grasse, her Haire long.

EPIG. 54.

The Religious Man.

WHat's well-done, 's Ill-done, if too-Publikely.

Politician.

What's Ill-done, 's well-done, if none doe it Spie.

EPIG. 56.

An English Proteus.

IN Clothes, we Thrift and Honesty refuse,
For Pride and Pleasure's All, Nought, Long, wee
(vsc.

EPIG. 66.

A Shrow Tamed.

(as Dumbes

Would'st Tame thy Wife? first, Tame her Tongue,
Who thus his Wife Comes-o're, shall Over-come.

Epig.

Epigrams.

EPIG. 74.

Pride of Life.

M*An swels, although his Gran-Dame is the Earth;
Earth swels, although from Nothing it had Birth:
So, Man, as Mould; Him, past Himselfe doth raise,
Mould swels with Mounts; Mans Minde his Pride
(displays.*

EPIG. 81.

Eues and the Serpents meeting.

E*ves and the Serpents Prattling, wrought our Sin:
Oh would to God; Hee Dumbe, Shee Deafe had bin.*

EPIG. 85.

Neither $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{too great a Good one,} \\ \text{too little a Bad one.} \end{array} \right.$

A *Giant-like, tall, flammell-Wife,
Though Ex'cellent, I'de not choose;
A Bad-condition'd, though a Dwarfse,
I will as soone refuse.*

EPIG. 88.

Loue is Blinde.

L*ike one another, Drunkennesse,
And Loue, are, in effect;
Drunkennesse Blindes the Bodies Eyes,
Loue Blindes the Mindes aspect.*

Epigrams.

EPIG. 87.

An Amorous Epistle.

NO Lone is Hopelesse, this makes Lovers free:
The Thing, not Hope, I Love; No-Thing but Thee.

EPIG. 91.

A Christian Zodiacke.

TH' Apostles goodly Fellowship,
Are my twelve heavenly Signes;
My Zodiacke, is perfect Faith;
My Sunne, in Iesus shines.

EPIG. 100.

To the Reader.

I Leave Narcissus when I Verses write;
When thou do'st Reade them, banish Him thy
(sight.

FINIS.

Epigraph.
Epic. 87.

An Annotated Epistle.

NO TALK OF THESE THINGS, BUT OF THE
THEY ARE, NOT HOW THEY ARE, BUT
THEY ARE, NOT HOW THEY ARE, BUT

Epic. 88.

A Christian Epistle.

THEY ARE, NOT HOW THEY ARE, BUT
THEY ARE, NOT HOW THEY ARE, BUT
THEY ARE, NOT HOW THEY ARE, BUT
THEY ARE, NOT HOW THEY ARE, BUT

Epic. 89.

To the Reader.

I HAVE WRITTEN WHEN I COULD
WHEN I COULD NOT, WHEN I COULD
WHEN I COULD NOT, WHEN I COULD
WHEN I COULD NOT, WHEN I COULD

FINIS



EPIGRAMS.

Out of the third Booke.

EPIG. I.

GOD the Beginning of All
Things.

GOD was the *first*, it^h *first* God did reside,
Before the *first*, after the *first* shall bide;
First without *firsts*, and from this *first*, each thing;
That *first* was made, did *first*-beginning bring.

EPIG. 4.

The Art of Memory.

Simonides, found th' *Art of Memory*,
But none the *Art of Wit* could ere descry.

EPIG. 6.

SAtan o'th' *Woman Bought-vs*; *Christ re-Bought-vs*;
Adam Impure, but *Christ Most-Pure* hath wrought-
(vs.)

Epigrams.

EPIG. 7.

The Prayse of Liberalitie.

What e're we *Giue*, doth euer *line*,
Gifts follow *Him* that *Gives*;
The *Giuer* and the *Taker* both,
By *Gifts* the better *Line*.

EPIG. 10.

To Queene Anne.

Wife, Daughter, Sister, Mother to a King,
What rarer Titles may wee to Thee bring?
With these *four* Titles, thou *four* Vertues hast,
With what more Glory may a *Queene* be grac't?

EPIG. 13.

A New-Man.

Drine what thou didst *Deriue* from th'*Old-Man*-
Soone, to Refresh thy *Flesh*, from *Sinne*, *Beginne*.
(*Sinne*,

EPIG. 14.

Health.

Even from my *Heart*, much *Health* I *Wish*,
No *Health* I'll wash with *Drinke*:
Health *wish't*, not wash't, in *Words*, not *Wine*,
To be the best I *thinke*.

EPIG.

Epigrams.

EPIG. 15.

Forbidden-Fruit.

When Adam Ate Forbidden-Meate,
Deluded by the Diuell;
He was not Evils Primitive,
But, worse than th' Apple of Evil.

EPIG. 16.

Troians and Greekes.

The Trojan sayes, I much doe feare
The Greekes, when they bring Gifts.
Who is the Greeke? The Poore-Man. Who
Are Troians? Rich-Make-Shifts.

EPIG. 21.

N. A.

N's first; A, followes; Nought than *All*'s more old:
That God of Nought made *All*, all Truth doth
(hold.

EPIG. 23.

Holineffe is Healthfulnesse.

NO man can Long; well, all Men may;
Yet no Man Will, Line, well:
If thou'lt Live Long, endeavour then
In Vertue to excell.

Epigrams.

A Bride is a Ship.

EP I G. 25.

THe Taile's the Sterne; Fore-Decke the Beake;
The Keele, the Belly is;
Her Wings, the Sayles; a Bird, a Barke
Is then, not much amisse.

EP I G. 30.

*Against Pannicus a Rich-
Assc.*

That Fortune favours Fooles canst thou not see?
Beleeue thy Selfe, if thou'lt not Credit Mee.

EP I G. 33.

Homer.

MAruell not much though Homer blind tell Lyes,
Since He by Heare-say went, not Sight of's Eyes.

EP I G. 35.

*Little, Nothing, Too-much,
Enough.*

THe Poore haue Little, Beggers None,
The Rich Too-much, Enough not One.

Epic.

Epigrams.

EPIG. 37.

*To the Right Honourable, William
Earle of Pembroke,
&c.*

NOt Old in yeeres, nor Young in each rare Part,
One of the Kings and Kingdomes Propp thou art,
That on thee this great Grace thy King doth Lay:
Or should I ioy thy Merit? Both I may.

EPIG. 48.

Humility.

AS, Low-Dales beare more fertile Grasse,
More Sterill Mountaines-high;
In Wisedome, so, Meeke Minds doe passe
Selfe-flated Subtilty;
The Mind's a Mount, our Will's a Hill;
The Mounts Top is Wils Wit:
Each highest Hill is Sterill Hill,
And Nimblest Wit vn-fit.

EPIG. 54.

The Clyent.

IF to thy Cause the Iudge shall Helpe apply,
Thy Knees to Him, Clyent, in-Cline wisely.

Epigrams.

EP I G. 57.

The Serpent, Eve, Adam.

THe subtile *Serpent*, beed-lesse *Eve*
Deceiu'd, was not deceiu'd;
Not *Adam* Her, *Shee* Him made fall,
Both thus of *Ioy* bereau'd:
Both *Actiuely* and *Passiuely*,
Shee therefore thus did *Sin*;
Deceiu'd *Her-Selfe*, deceiueth *Him*,
Snar'd, *Snares* Him in *Deaths* *Grin*.

EP I G. 59.

To Polydore.

O *Polydore*, to *Men* most *Poore*,
The *Datiue-Case* is best;
Your *Ablatiue* doth them *deprive*
Of *Comfort*, *Ease* and *rest*:
Giuers than *Takers* better are.
True, but these *Ablatiues*,
This *Age* doth see too frequent *bee*,
Seld' scene are *Rich-Datiues*.

EP I G. 60.

To - - -

A Las, poore *Creature-Seruing* two,
Thou art in wofull state:
One-Master, nothing hath to *Giue*,
Thy *tother* is *Ingrate*.

EP I G.

Epigrams.

EPIG. 61.

Three-fold Continency.

WHEN thou dost any Ill-thing Heare or See,
Thy *Windowes*, *Eares* and *Eyes* fast shut let bee;
And that thou *Speake* not vnaduisedly,
Locke-fast thy *Doores*, thy *Lips*; thy *Tongue* fast tye.

EPIG. 62.

Saturnes three Sonnes.

THREE Sonnes had *Saturne*, *Poets* faine,
And of especiall fame;
Hell was ones place, *Riches* his *Grace*,
Nummi-potent by Name:
The *Second* had ith' *Sea* abode,
His Name *Amni*-potent;
To th' *Third* was giuen his seat in *Heauen*,
Call'd *Ioue* *Omni*-potent.

EPIG. 63.

*The Old-man speakes to the
Yong-man.*

MY *Life* is short, and *Line* I cannot Long;
Thine shortly will bee short, though now th'art
(strong.

Epigrams.

EPIG. 67.

To an Angry-Man.

LET *Wrath* and *Anger* with the *Day* decay,
Yet let them not with *Phœbus* next *Day* rise;
But as from thy *Horizon* *Titan* flies,
Vnto th' *Antipodes*; there let them stay.

EPIG. 73.

The Lord loueth Liberality.

THY *Benefits*, it not-be-fits,
When *Given* to count and tell:
God will them both *Remunerate*,
And *Ruminate* full well.

EPIG. 77.

Heauen.

HEAUEN is Gods *Spacious*, *Specious* *Throne* of *Grace*,
The *Lords* *All-potent* and *All-potent* *Place*.

EPIG. 80.

Against Pontilianus.

DOGGES on their *Masters* *fawne* and *leape*,
And wag their *Tailes* *apace*;
So, though the *Flatt'rer* want a *Taile*,
His *Tongue* supplies the *place*.

Epigrams.

EPIG. 81.

To Distrust.

(see,
LEt none *distrust* (though *Dust*) Heav'n's light to
Nor none *despaire*, though's *Soule* a *shadow* bee;
Our *Flesh* is *Dust*, true, but o'th very same,
The glorious *Body* of *Christ Iesus* came.
And though our *Soule* in vs a *shadow* bee,
Yet 'tis th' *Idea* of the *Deitie*.

EPIG. 83.

The Rich-Man.

THat *Man's* most '*Retch* which is most *Rich*,
Th' are oft *desil'd* that play with *Pitch*;
Men to be *Great*, not *Good*; desire
Greatnesse, not *Goodnesse* most acquire.

EPIG. 87.

To the Iewes.

THe *Law*, is your *Religion*,
And ours is *Faith* most *pure*;
You, to *beleene*, will not be-led,
Nor we *Good-workes* inure.

EPIG.

Epigrams.

EPIG. 97.

Riches.

Gold's th' onely-God, Rich-Men beare Rule,
Mony makes Maiefty;
Rich-Pluto, not Plaine-Plato, now,
Speakes with applause most high.

EPIG. 98.

Three Genders.

A Wife, although most Wise and Chaste,
Is of the Doubtfull Gender;
A Queane, oth' Common; Fæminines,
Are Women small and tender.

EPIG. 99.

ST. ST. a Signe of Silence.

ST, ST, Men say, Silence to signifie:
S, Silence notes: T, Taciturnity.

EPIG. 100.

*Where I Doe-Well,
There I Dwell.*

THat, is my Country, where I'm Fed, not Bred,
Not where I'm Borne, but where I'm best-bested.
Where I may haue sufficient Sustainance,
And Live in Love, ther's my Inheritance.

EPIC.

Epigrams.

EPIG. 103.

Acteon.

Acteons Dogs, his flesh, bones, skinne, are cleane:
His Hornes remayne in London to bee seene.

EPIG. 112.

A Paradox of Dreames.

Dreames which be Bad, are very Good,
Dreames that be Good, are Bad:
For, if my Dreames be Good, I grieue,
But, being Bad, I'm * glad.

* Being awakened.

EPIG. 119.

Scoffing, Prudence.

Without Wisedome, is Salt without Meate,
Rude-Literature, Meate without Salt, to Eate.

EPIG. 123.

Against a tedious Oratour.

When thou hast Said all thou wilt Say,
'T remaynes to Say, I've Said;
This onely-word would please mee more,
Than all the Speech th'ast made.

FINIS.

Epigram 107.

Epig. 108.

Epig. 109.

A certain Dog, his high opinion, and the
His Master's name in London to be known

Epig. 110.

A Paradox of Dreams.

Dreams which be Bad, are very Good;
Dreams that be Good, are Bad;
For, if my Dream be Good, I find it
But, being Bad, I'm 'tis
* Being wretched.

Epig. 111.

Seeing Providence.

Will without wisdom, is said without
Kind-Lessness, and without said to last.

Epig. 112.

Against a tedious Oration.

When thou hast said all thou wilt say,
I pray thee to say I am said;
The only word would please me more,
Than all the speech in all made.

FINIS.



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EPIGRAMS.

Out of the three last Bookes.

The First Booke.

EPIG. 3.

Lawyers and Phisicians.

VNlesse the One Deale-craftily,
The Other Desperate bee;
They Both may Eat on Beggers Meate,
And Live in Penury.

EPIG. 9.

Against Tomasinus.

THE Prayse, of prayse-lesse-Asses, some
Haue writ, in these our dayes:
Amongst the rest, haue beene exprest,
O Tom-Asine, thy Prayse.

EPIG. 10.

Against Fabianus.

SOME-MEN are Bald without, thou Inwardly;
Those want their Haires, thy Brain-pan's almost
(Dry.

EPIG.

Epigrams.

EPIG. 12.

Dalilah.

Samsons deceitfull *Dalilah*,
His *Strength* in's *Haire* destroyed:
In these dayes, by such *Dalilahs*
Are many-men annoyed.

EPIG. 14.

Birth.

TO Present things w'are *Borne*, *Re-borne*
To things *to-come*, we are;
Though that Be *Prime*, yet *Principall*
Is this, and *Better* farre.

EPIG. 18.

Against Pxtus, a Probleme.

Father, nor *Fath'r-in-law*, thou art, t'all *Those*,
Which thy *wife* bare thee; then, *What* th'art who
(knowes?)

EPIG. 19.

Against Pontiliana.

Why weddedst thou th'eleu'nth day of *December*?
Because, than this no day's more *short*, night
(longer.)

EPIG. 22.

Against Festus, an vn-Iust Iudge.

What *Iudas* or what *Pilate* did
Doc thou, thou *Iudge vn-Iust*:

With

Epigrams.

With *Indas* if thou wilt not *Hang*,
With *Pilate* wash thou must.

EPIG. 26.

Against Colinus, Dying Intestate.

WHiles thou didst *Live*, thou nought wouldst *give*,
Thou *Leav'st All*, now thou canst not *Live*;
Like *Greedy Hogge* thy *Life* was *Led*,
Like *Greazie Porke*, thou now ly'st *Dead*.

EPIG. 36.

From Bad to Worse.

HE's *Dasht* 'gainst *Scylla*, from *Charibdis* flying,
Which hopes to *Salve* his *Sore*, by *Phisike* *Dying*:
Fooles voyding *Vice*, the *Contrary* commit,
Are those to shunne *Strife*, which on *Lawyers* hit.

EPIG. 47.

Against a Foolish-Writer.

O, I could wish thy *Paper* were *All-blacke*;
Or that it did *Least Spot* of *blacknesse* lacke.

EPIG. 51.

Females.

Yong-wenches *Coy*, and *wanton* are,
Faire-Maides, are *Infamous*:
Witty are *wily*, full of *Craft*,
Lastfull, *Lascivious*.

EPIC.

Epigrams.

EP I G. 52.

Foure Law-Termes.

(frame
THE Lawyers haue foure Termes, to which they
A most significant and proper name :
First, Michelmasse, from th' Angell * *Michael*,
For Lawyers Pursesthen with Angels swell.
The next is *Hillary* a name most fit:
For this Terme makes the Lawyer merry, fit.
And *Easter-Terme*, like Church-mens *Easter-Booke*,
Much Gold and Gaine then to themselues they
Trinity-Terme, so call'd, because the Law. (hooke.
Three Persons alwayes doth together draw ;
To wit, the Iudge, Lawyer, and Clyent poore,
Who trauailes vp to pay the Lawyers-Score.

* Because on our English Gold was stamped the Image of the Angell Michael.

EP I G. 57.

To Faustine.

THAT my Booke's Good (thou *Faustine*) saidst to me,
If it be Good, would I my Booke might be.

EP I G. 65.

A Widdow.

HE which for's *Wife* a *Widdow* doth obtayne,
Doth like to those which *Buy-Clothes* in *Long-*
One Cote's not fit, *Another's* too-too-old, (Lane;
Their faults I know not, but th'are manifold.

EP I G.

Epigrams.

EPIG. 78.

Doctor Ios. Hals Vowes and
Meditations.

THOU *vow'd'st Vowes*, fit to be *Vow'd*,
Worth *Reading workes* dost write:
He's blest that *Reades thy Vowes*, if hee
To doe them take delight.

EPIG. 95.

The forsaken Louer.

EVEN as *Hell-fire* doth *Burne*, but doth not *Shine*:
So thine not *Shines*, but sorely *burnes my Heart*:
But towards *Thee*, like *Heav'nly fire* is mine,
It *Shines on Thee*, not *burnes thee*, that's my *smart*:
Oh if thy *Loue* still *burne* and giue no *Light*,
My *shining flame*, it *Selfe* will waste out quite.

EPIG. 98.

*The Epitaph of Croesus and
Irus.*

VNDER this *Stone*, lyes *Croesus* buried;
Wher's *Irus* then? Here, *All are Poore when Dead*.

Epigram.

ERIC. 78.

Doctor of His Vowes and

Medicines.

Thou sweetest flower, here below,
Which budding wakes doth write:
He which that kindly flower, if hee
To good use take delight

ERIC. 79.

The forsaken Iouer.

Ever so well shee doth knowe, but both not knowe:
So shee not shew, but sorely burne her heart:
But knowes shee, like flame, why fire is warme,
Is shee on thee, no longer there, that's my heart:
O that shee had fill'd mine and give no light,
My burning flame, is all well waste out quite.

ERIC. 80.

The Epitaph of Ciculus and

his

Under this stone lies Ciculus buried;
Whose translation, hee was first translated.



EPIGRAMS.

Out of the second Booke.

EPIG. 9.

Whee-le-Greace.

MEn, th' *Axeltree* doe Greaze, that they may n't
But, Lawyers must be Greaz'd to make them
(screake;
(speake.

EPIG. 17.

Against a certaine Drunkard.

MVch Prattling causeth greatest Thirstinesse,
Thy wife Talkes more then Thou, why Drinkes
(Shée Lesse?

EPIG. 49.

Veni, Vidi, Vici.
Christ.

INto this World, Cœlestiall *Cesar* came,
Mans Misery with Mercies-Eye Hee Saw;
He, Death O're-came to his immortall fame,
Then, Him, to's Throne of Mercy did with-draw;
He came, O're-Came, He Saw, fore-saw all things,
All this He did, that we might Raigne as Kings.

Epigrams.

EPIG. 58.

A Pure Sacrifice.

THis *World* was once the *Temple* of the *Lord*;
The *Crosse*, the *Altar*; *Christ* the *Sacrifice*;
Christ, *God* and *Man*, our *High-Priest* paid the *Price*,
To th' *Altar* like a *Lambe* fast bound with *Cord*.

EPIG. 71.

*Of the King, Law and
People.*

THe *King's* the *Shepherd*; *Men*, are *Sheepe*;
Lambs, are their *Pasture* faire;
The *Flocke* being *Ill*, the *Kings* great *Skill*,
By's *Lambs* their *Hurts* repaire.

EPIG. 78.

*The Devils Force and
Fraud.*

THe *Diuell*, like a *Lion* fierce,
Runnes all the *World* about;
Each wand'ring *Soule* that he may *Slay*,
Like *Wind* his *Rage* flies-out:
Yea, like a *Foxe* most fraudulent,
Satan spreads private *Nets*;
Thus whom by *Force* he cannot *force*,
By *subtill* *Snares* he gets.

EPIG.

Epigrams.

EPIG. 79.

Precept, Practice.

THe learned *Preachers words*, though plaine,
To *Plaine-men Truth* may *Preach*;
But *Pastours pious Practice*, doth
A *Holy-Life* them *Teach*:
That *Doctour* is *Divine*, indeed,
Which by *Good-Workes*, *prooves words*;
More *Harme* doe *ill-Examples* breed,
Than *Good-Words*, *Good* affords.

EPIG. 84.

Against Couetous-Men.

*Sell all that thou hast, and give it to
the Poore.*

AH, *Killing-Letter*, *Out-Alas*,
What's this? thus *Dives* cries;
What means the *Holy-Ghost*? sayes hee,
Sell All? can *such* be wise?
What means the *Holy-Ghost*? *Thou Wretch*,
He meanes, what *Tbou* ne're thought;
He will *Give All* vnto the *Poore*,
And thou wilt *Give* them *Nought*.

EPIG. 87.

*Man, a Hunter, a Fisher, a
Fowler.*

MAn, *Hunts for Wealth* and *Riches store*,
Spreads Nets for *Dignities*;

Epigrams.

And like a Fisher, sounds the Depth
Of Deepest Mysteries;
But whiles, fond Man doth fish to know,
With Pride, Preferments watcheth;
And Avaricious, Riches seeks,
He shame and blame oft catcheth.

EPIG. 26.

Christ a Diuine, a Phisician, a
Lawyer.

CHRIST, a Diuine, Phisician, was whiles heere;
In Heau'n He shall a Iudg^{mt} most Iust appeare.

EPIG. 43.

Baptisme, to a Iew.

Baptisme doth Wash, but Circumcision Wound:
The Lawes dire Launch, Christs Washing makes
(most found.)

FINIS.



EPIGRAMS.

Out of the third Booke.

EPIG. 9.

Matrimoniall Rule.

THe Nightly Government, is due
Vnto the Female kind;
And vnto Masculines, to Rule
Itch' Day, it is assign'd:
And this we see Experience prooues,
For Cynthia Rules the Night:
And Phœbus rayes his Rule displays,
Who in the Day shines bright.

EPIG. 10.

Against a certaine Proud- Woman.

A Feather o're thy Head thou hast,
And Corke vnder thy feet;
Both these declare, though thou be faire,
Thee to be fond and fleet.

Epigrams.

EPIG. II.

Faith.

MY Eyes ith' Skies the twinkling Starres,
The Pole, Opinion spyes:
So with mine Eye I view Heaven high,
My Faith, my God descryes.

EPIG. 13.

Contempt of the World.

WOuldst Live a Good-Life? then, this Life despise;
T's a wretched Life this Life highly to Prize.

EPIG. 19.

Knowledge, Love.

Two things there be, which I must Know,
And two things I must Love;
God and My-selfe, God and my Friend,
These, Knowledge, Love, approve.

EPIG. 21.

Of God and the World.

God is not in this world, the world's in God:
We are ith' world; O, would we were in God!

EPIG.

Epigrams.

EPIG. 22.

*The right of First-fruits
and Tithes.*

God's *Alpha* and *Omega*, therefore Hee
Must of thy Goods the *Tithes* and *First-fruits*, see.

EPIG. 50.

Gravity, Lenity.

THough, *Grossenes*, *Lightnes*, cleane contrary bee,
A *Light-Head*, *Grosse-Head*, I'd not wish to Mee;
Both which are bad: and such a *Wife* I hate,
A *Light* or *Lewd*, a *Grosse* or *Grievous* Mate.

EPIG. 52.

Schoole-Divines.

WHat profits all thy *Learned-Skill*?
If *Vertue* thou neglect;
Leaue off to Search the *Truth* of *Things*,
And *Good Things* more affect.

EPIG. 58.

Democritus, Heraclitus.

Democritus, *Mens falls* and *faults*,
In his *Times*, did *Lament*;
Heraclitus, *Mens Foolishnesse*,
Did *Laugh-at* with *Contempt*:
And euer more such *Wretches* vile,
And *Fooles* will still remayne:

That,

Epigrams.

That, if they Liu'd, from Lauges and Teares,
They neuer could refraine.

EPIG. 60.

Against Arrogant, Ignorant Linus.

A Two-fold Ignorance hath thee
O Linus, captivated,
Thou Knowest Nought, yet Nought to Know,
Thou wilt not be Conceited.

EPIG. 65.

Against a Couetous Niggard.

TO Count thy Coyne is nothing worth,
T' Encrease the Heape's as small;
As much to Multiply; Deuide;
Then I'le thee wealthy call.

EPIG. 67.

Against the Writers of this Age.

WE Crop the Tops of others Crop,
Old-Writers Workes most rare:
The most of vs which now doe write,
Old-Writers Eccho's are.

The Authours Desire.

A Good-mans Desire.

EPIG. 69.

W Ith wealth I wish-not Bags and Chests to stufte
Too-much, Too-little's ill; Enough's Enough.

Epigrams.

EPIG. 78.

Christs Life and Death.

Much hath *Christ* Done and Much Endur'd,
All, for vn-worthy Mee,
His Passions shew'd Him to be Man,
His Actions, God to bee.

EPIG. 79.

The Wise-Mens Starre.

A Starre to *Math'maticks* vnknowne,
At *Christs* Birth shining bright,
The *Gentile-Typing Wise-Men* led
To *Christ* the Lord of Light:
This *Heav'nly* Guide did with them bide,
Till they found *Christ* their King,
Heav'n grant I pray, Faith, my Starre, may,
Me also to Him bring.

EPIG. 83.

Of the Deluge and Worlds-End.

THe crying Crimes of *Noahs* Times
For foule-Lust-burning Loe,
Were Drown'd & Drench't, that Heat was Quench't,
With water from above:
This Freezing Age of Frosty Loe,
And Key-cold Charity,
Will in due Time, for this Cold Crime,
Make All with Fire to fry.
By Compositions, thus *Phisicians*
Make Contraries to Cure,

And

Epigrams.

And Heav'n as Phisician, Frost with Flames,
Water with Fire can Pure.

EPIG. 86.

Of the Iust and uniuſt.

PLEASURE, the Good; but Paine attends the Bad:
This frights th' *Uniuſt*; tother the *Iuſt* makes
glad.

EPIG. 88.

Our Redeemer.

WORTH Sight, but Thee, ith' World I nothing See,
And I am wiſe in nothing but in Thee;
My Sunne thou art, by Grace Shine in my Heart,
Thou, Thou, alone my Sole, Sweet Saviour, art.

EPIG. 91.

A Paradox.

TO Hell, though euey wretched Atheiſt goes,
In Hell's no Atheiſt; there, He, Hell well knowes.

EPIG. 94.

*Difference betwixt a Good King
and a Tyrant.*

A Good-King marks what's godly, iuſt and right,
A Tyrant mindes his ſtrict Command & Might;
I, Good-Kings Power preferre 'fore Tyrants Pray,
Th' Ones threatens are treaters, the Others Pay's, De-
(cay.

EPIG.

Epigrams.

EPIG. 95.

Against a certaine - -

FOR Mad-men Bedlem; Bridewell's for a Knaue,
Choose, wheth'r of *these two*, thou hadst rather
(haue.

EPIG. 98:

Life-Blond.

MOses the *Life of All*, ith' *Bloud* did place:
My *Life*, in *Christs Bloud* hath his *onely Grace*.

EPIG. 100.

Against a Foolish Writer.

THy Booke's *eternall* (if *such Bookes* may bee)
Beginning none, nor *End* of it I see.

EPIG. 102.

Vpon the Death of Prince Henry.

1612.

DEad is that Prince, whom Dead we may lament,
With *Flouds of Teares*, till *Teares last Drops* bee
Our *Albions Hope*, *Glory of Britaines King*, (spent,
Arts Prop, *Warres Piller*, *Vertues hopefull Spring*.
To whom none e're came neere, but his deare Brother,
Saue his *sweet Sister*, neuer such *Another*.

Epigrams.

A Prince much Honour'd Living; Low'd when Dead,
His Nations Light, Delight, whiles Life Hec led.
Whiles I these things with Teare-swolne eies sigh-out,
From both my Springs Teares gush-forth all about.
Beleeue me (Reader) if what's Griefe thou know,
Sighes stop my Speech; I weepe, Teares ouer-flow.

His Epitaph.

Heere lyes (dry Eyes, reade not this Epitaph)
Kings, Queenes, Prince, Princessse, Peoples hopeful Staffe.

Omnis Gloria Deo debita.

FINIS.



To the Excellent Translatour
of the EPIGRAMS of Master
IOHN OWEN, Master
IOHN VICARS.

Owen doth owe thee much, that thou hast so
Transplanted these his Plants, & made them grow
Within our Soyle: and we owe much to cyther,
T' Him that them set, to Thee that brought'st them
(hither.

Idem ad Lectorem.

(lye?
Wouldst thou know where wits Quintessence doth
Read these few Leaves thou'lt see it by-and-by.

Nathaniel Hall,
Gent.